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F . D. M.

RHINELAND.

Sept. 11 - Sept. 21. 1871.

With Champney, Grundmann and Maynard.

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Millet Papers

hotel "zum Glocke" in spite of the protestations of another hotel's runner, supped and retired. The bank of the river thus far has been far more charming than I expected to find it. All the way along a fine carriage road winds on the very river bank, and beautiful villas and occasional ruins blend the charms of the old and new. At intervals along the roadside are shrines and sepulchres with the dead Savior, and other proofs of the firm catholic faith of the inhabitants. One cross near Godesberg was made of stone and bore, on the upper part, the crown of thorns; below, the feet; at each side, a hand and in the middle a heart with three spikes. Symbolical no doubt but rather comical. The vineyards cover the hillsides in all direction, and the tops of the hills are almost always wooded. The contrast of the deep green of the trees and the changing foliage of the vines is beautiful. The grapes are "very small, are eaten skins and all", and the purple ones are almost ripe. They are often planted in places where it is almost impossible tp climb up, and no soil is visible, the surface of the ground being covered with fine stone probably to prevent washing. The river banks for miles are paved with stone with occasional buttresses to prevent the wash of the current, which is so strong that a tug with a heavy tow can scarcely make any headway.

Thursday Sept 14:- The little town of Andernach proves to be by far the most picturesque place we have been in. In our after breakfast walk we wandered north in the first place to see the Donjon, a picturesque tower of the 15th century, round below and octagonal above. The large breach made by the French in 1688 is still to be seen in the side. The donjon is the extremity of the old wall which surrounds the town and terminates in the chateau and its outworks, near the gate of Coblenz. In many parts it is very perfect, and in others the houses have been built into it, and often it is entirely removed. The ruined chateau was rather picturesque to us, although a large tower is still occupied, probably as a prison. The Coblenz gate is double and the old portcullis groves and the gate hinges are still to be seen. The wall from the Chateau and the gate runs direct to the river, and terminates in a square bastion, now used as a gymnasium. From the old bastion we walk nearly half way to the donjon and come upon the old Roman gateway, very curious with strange figures in stone, but yet not very picturesque. The town was the old Roman Antenacum and several legions were quartered here. We sought permission to visit the donjon at the office of the Burgomaster in the Rathaus, and he kindly showed us a large collection of Roman coins, arms, skulls etc. that had been found while building the railway. Not content with doing as this favor he sent an official - uniformed as all the officials are in Germany - to show us the old dungeon under the Rathaus. By the light of two short stubs of candles we went down a steep, narrow, damp stone staircase into a room far underground. A faint, very faint light penetrated this tomb through a narrow grated window way up in the vaulted roof. We lifted up a stone trap and dropped a stone. We heard it splash the water far below. This was the best room in the dungeon! By a still damper, steeper staircase we went down again through passages and stooping under low arched doorways

and finally reached the water in which by the light of burning paper we could see the stairs still going down. - The dungeon is below the surface of the Rhine and the water has leaked in and flooded it. Who can tell what horrors are hidden still deeper? One of the candles dropped in the water and the other almost went out in the attempt to light the wet "dip", but we succeeded, and reached the daylight in safety. In the yard was an old Roman sarcophagus, of which there are a great number in the vicinity. The water used by the town is brought from the hills by pipes and these sarcophagi serve as tanks and are often very picturesque. The guide accompanied us to the donjon and we ascended to the very top, climbing the last story by a very precarious ladder which trembled over a huge gulf below. The view from the little room at the top was fine embracing the whole town and the river from Hammerstein to Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein. The two stories above the ground floor- which has no windows and no entrance except a trap - are built with a vaulted roof and huge embrasures look in all directions. On the story under the octagonal part we could promenade round on the turf at our leisure - a hanging garden. We made a sketch of the little house which covers the stairway and then came down. After dinner we sketched till the middle of the afternoon and then climbed to the top of a neighbouring hill - Krahnberg - and lay on the grass and looked at the landscape until sunset. The Abendssimmer veiled the distant summit of the Siebengebirge range with a beautiful tone and gave a purple hue to the nearer vine covered hills. The Rhine, emerald green, and in the light quite golden, wound like a belt of light among the hills and bordered the plain which stretched southward to Ehrenbreitstein and the hills which border the Moselle. From below we could hear the faint hum of the busy little town, the voices of the laborers in the vineyards and the gentle flow of the river. The whole scene was so peaceful, so poetical, so full of historic monuments and noble ruins, that we lingered till long after sunset. In the cool of the evening we took another look at the quaint old church, for the choir which was built in 1120 interested us much with its simple architecture and the beautiful color in the stone. The people here all say "Guten Abend!" when they meet anyone on the street and show no curiosity when we sketch. In our promenades about the town we have found many picturesque little corners, interiors, pretty children and in fact everything to make up pictures.

Friday Sept 15:- After sketching a "coffin pump" before breakfast and another after the meal we started for the train but missed it and had to wait till 11:30. A ride of half an hour brought us to Coblenz. We went directly to the pier and took tickets for St.Goar. Having an hour to wait we had an opportunity of seeing a bit of the town and gazing at Ehrenbreitstein in which we were a trifle disappointed, it being neither as high nor as impregnable as we had been led to expect. The young unmarried ladies of Coblenz wear still the silver arrow or similar ornament through their back hair. As we left the city on the boat the fortress appeared much more strong than from the water side, but we soon turned our backs on it as Stolzenfels appeared in sight. It appeared more like a toy than a chateau for it was painted yellow and apparently well restored. On the opposite side was a ruin, Lahneck, by far more picturesque. The hills as we went up became more abrupt

and rocky and the vines were planted every where on terraces made with a great deal of labor on the mountain side. The scenery resembled that of the Hudson somewhat, gaining in interest from the frequent ruined chateaux and the picturesque little walled towns that nestled at short intervals at the foot of the hills. The ruin called Marksbourg, or rather the castle for it is the best preserved of all these old strongholds, was the most interesting of all we saw and we watched it until out of sight. It is on the very summit of a pointed hill. A few miles above Marksbourg we came to the little city of Boppard on the left bank, where a high floating house labelled "Lent's Swimming American Circus" was moored to the wharf. Above Boppard and on the other side are the two ruins Sternberg and Liebenstein said to have been the property of the two brothers who killed each other in a duel for the hand of a lady. Now the little villages became very frequent, and after passing the "Maus" chateau we rounded a bend and came in full sight of the grand ruin of Rhinefels overhanging the town of Saint Goar. The castle with its moat, its bastions, towers and outworks all overgrown with ivy and half hidden with foliage, was grandly picturesque, but not half as charming as the smaller ones. From Saint Goar we walked to Oberwesel, a delightful walk of about four miles. We were on the left bank of the river, in the shade of the hills. The road wound along the river bank, almost everywhere fifteen or twenty feet above the water's edge. We passed the Katz chateau and then the great rock of Lorelei came in view, across the river. The charm of the scene, and cetainly all the poetry was taken away by the sight of the railway passing under the rock by a tunnel with red brick modern structures at each end. The rocks at the foot of the bluff are blasted away so there are no longer any dangers here. The ruins of Schonberg towering over the town of Oberwesel next came in sight, and soon the town itself with the old donjon and walls could be seen. We took up our quarters in a decidedly country inn "Zum Schwarzen Ross", and after a dinner of black bread, meat and sour wine we strolled through the town and part way up the hill. We slept in the second story, half of which was used as a haymow.

Saturday Sept. 16:- Early in the morning we went to the lower part of the town and made a sketch of it half hidden in the haze of the morning. We couldn't begin to do it justice so we spent but little time on it. The church of Notre Dame came at the upper end of the town we found very curious, partly Roman partly Gothic. We succeeded in finding a door unlocked and went in. Shortly after a young monk made his appearance. He said he was one of a number who live in a monastery near the ruin, and that he had been with the others to the war. He was very talkative and conducted us all about the church. The Sacristy we found to be a picture in itself with the dim light, the half vine covered windows and the quaint furniture. In the choir is a wonderful specimen of the wood carving of the 14th century, which forms the altarpiece. The walls are ornamented with curious old paintings and half effaced frescoes. What interested us most was carved stone statues of the lord and lady of Schonberg. They are cut with wonderful skill and artistic taste and I think I got a better idea of the people of ye olden time from

that than from any picture I ever saw. From the church we climbed to the ruin above and were admitted by a monk who conducted us around. The ruin we found to be very extensive, having been originally divided into three parts. The ruins of two round towers stand side by side. The taller and most perfect one is at least twelve feet thick. We went up into the wall which formed the principal defense and up a long staircase to the very top. From the crumbling turrets we could see far in all directions- a glorious prospect, and could trace the shape of the old chateau and judge somewhat of the uses of the curious little buildings and defenses. We saw a large cut stone made round for the purpose of throwing it upon the besiegers. The valley below is dotted with these the monk told us. From almost every point of the ruin we found a magnificent panorama at our feet and could look down upon the very chimney-tops of the town. The descent by the winding path was easily made and we took a dinner before starting again. That dinner holds a big place in our memory, as it did to our bodies. Soup;- most excellent, boiled meat, cutlet, and lyonaised potatoes, such a quantity!, black bread, loud cheese and a dessert of grapes plums and nuts, made with some passable wine, no bad meal. Soon after dinner we began our walk to Bacharach an hour and a half distant. Blackberries made it for us much longer. The little castle of Pfalz on an island, with the town of Caub and the ruin of Gutenfels on the other bank, was first passed and we strolled along at our leisure. The memorial to Blücher's crossing was a noteworthy object about halfway to Bacharach and soon after passing it we came suddenly in sight of the town. A few moments more and we as suddenly came from the broad straight road into the narrow crooked streets of the town. The old wall can be plainly seen as it mounts up over the hill below the town, then down across the valley - Blücherthal - up the ruins then down again to the river. It also runs along the waters edge and all the length at intervals are square towers with pointed roofs and open inside toward the town. All the streets that lead to the river pass under a tower and through a gate. We went immediately to the hotel "Blüchertal", left our baggage and spent the afternoon in sketching. At sunset we climbed up to the ruin, Stahleck. The beautiful ruined Gothic church St. Werner is just at the foot of the hill and is a charming spot. From the chateau we could see the town and the fortifications like a map below us. The chateau itself was very extensive in its day, being divided into two distinct parts with a ditch between. The part nearest the summit and on a level with the road, was very thick, and as it had to stand the brunt of 8 seiges by the French in the 30 years war, it is all in ruins. The hugh round tower is a heap of stone and mortar. The part nearest the town was better preserved and was evidently the dwelling and also a place to retire into when the first defense was taken. The chateau was built like all others we have seen out of a slaty rock, the material being blasted out of the ditches in irregular flat shapes and laid in a great deal of mortar. The town is indeed most quaint with its curious old houses and streets. The second story often projects over the street and sometimes there is still another projection higher up. They are built with the joists on the outside often in fantastic shapes and colored richly by the weather. We found motives enough for [illegible] old Waterloo drummer who was hammering away [illegible]

pictures to keep us busy for months, such picturesque pumps, corners, mills and interiors I never saw. We walked up the Blüchertal in the evening to see the town by a dim light so could imagine it in its original glory, for the darkness hid the imperfections and ruins from our sight. The old gate hinges still remain and the guides for the portcullis on the outside of the tower are still perfect. The hotel being full, we lodged in the house of the father of our host. The latter, by the way was a very intelligent man and had received three medals in the Schleswig-Holstein and Austrio-Prussian war and one or two in the late war. We meet on the streets now an occasional wounded soldier.

Sunday Sept 17:- Shortly after breakfast we crossed the river in a small boat and walked to the Lorch, a couple of miles or so. There we took the train for Assmannshausen, where we arrived in about fifteen minutes passing the ruined chateau of Falkenbourg and the restored castle of Rhinestein on the way. The latter in spite of the restoration is very picturesque. From Assmannshausen we took the road up the hills and afterward the winding path to the Niedenwald on the summit of the range near the river. After a half hours hot climbing we reached the large hunting chateau, the property of the crown of Prussia. There are hotels here and many summer visitors. It is in the midst of a beautiful beech forest, and there are pleasant, wellmade paths leading in all directions. After leaving the chateau, we took a path and stood in a few moments at the entrance of a curious rambling stone structure, which we entered and groped our way through a long crooked passage lighted only by cracks in the roof into a small chamber and from that into a sort of pavilion or summerhouse pleasantly situated. The den we had passed is called the Zauberhöhle. Long avenues in the trees had been cut in all directions toward the Rhine, and way down through these we could see the river and the ruins in beautiful little pictures. A few moments rest and we took another path and came out to a delapidated building called the Rittersaal. As the prospect here was not very extensive we took another path to the right and soon reached the artificial ruin called the Rossel. From the top of this the view was enchanting. To the left in the distance the chateau of Johannisberg in the midst of the famous vineyards, and nearer the vineyards of Rüdesheim, the town itself and the river with the numerous islands. In front the town of Bingen and the river Nahe winding far into the distance. Below the Mouse tower on the island, recalling the tale of Bishop Hatto, and the ruin of Ehrenfels overhanging Bingerloch. To the right the Rhinestein and Falkenbourg and in all directions hill upon hill stretched away to the horizon. Bingen, ruincrowned nestles in a little valley at the junction of the Nahe and the Rhine and bears a strong resemblance of an American coal-mining town, the railways are so busy. Across the Nahe was the bridge built on the old Roman foundations. Leaving Rossel reluctantly we wandered through the shady forest to the "Temple" another outlook but not so fine, and then to the logbuilt Hermitage. Here we met an old Waterloo drummer who was hammering away well. In return for a

trifle he allowed me to use the sticks and I surprised him a bit with some American tunes. We descended to the picturesque little village of Rüdesheim through the vineyards which produce the celebrated - and justly too - Rüdesheimer. All the vineyards here have a reddish soil, and the first vines are said to have been planted by Charlemagne. At the lower part of Rüdesheim is the ruin of Brömsbourg spoken of by Goethe as one of the best on the Rhine. We did not enter, but took the ferry for Bingen. Finding we had three hours to wait before we took the train for we had decided to go by railway to Worms - we wandered about the town a bit without meeting anything very interesting in the narrow, busy streets. At the 4:30 we took the train for Worms and in a very short time had lost sight of the river, - here called the Rhinegau being spread out like a lake - and were passing through a rolling, vine producing country. The numerous little stations all had "heim" attached to their name, like Rüdesheim, Armsheim etc. The railway being newly built, all the inhabitants were out to see the train pass and for the most part were intelligent apparently, and always well-dressed. The cars were crowded with peasants all chatting in a patois I could not understand. At Alzey - little town all walls, grey roofs and surmounted by a ruin - we saw some decidedly pretty girls, which made us remember Alzey. Arrived at Worms, we found it too dark to see anything so after a peep at the Luther monument we trudged down to the river about a half mile distant, and took lodgings at the Rheinescher Hof.

Monday Sept 18:- We visited the cathedral shortly after breakfast and found it a very curious structure with four towers. It was inaugurated in 1016 and is built in the Roman style of Architecture. The eastern end where we entered is ornamented with carved stone lions, bears and other fantastic productions of the stonecutter. The interior was undergoing repairs and indeed the whole structure looked liable to fall at any moment, being bound with clamps of iron in many places. It is about 500 feet long and is painted of the same color as the stone of which it is built - red sandstone. The architecture is simple, but the view from the extremity of the nave embracing the hugh dome above and the beautiful ornamented choir, was grand. Parts of the old frescoes can yet be seen on the walls. In a little chapel on the south side we saw many bas-reliefs which formerly ornamented a long corridor, and an old font, the original cornerstone, and many other relics. Another thing that interested us was a bas-relief, near the transept, of the time of Charlemagne, representing Daniel in the lions den. It needed no cotton umbrela to distinguish Dan from the lions, for they were about four times as tall. From the cathedral we visited the monument to Luther and were charmed with the conception and the perfect execution of it. The figures are of bronze on polished granite pedestals, are sculptured masterly, and are full of life and expression. Above all the towering form of Luther is especially grand, and the other figures are all very expressive. The Jewish synagogue was the next in order, and after some trouble we succeeded in finding it. - a low ordinary looking building said to date from before the Christian Era. The exterior was plain, and crowded in

among other buildings so we could hardly distinguish its shape. As we entered the door the man showed us a groove in the stone casement made by the fingers of the devout whose custom it is to rub their fingers on the door post and then kiss them. The interior is very plain with a low vaulted ceiling and is filled with pews. The concierge showed us a lamp which had been burning 700 years for the souls of the Christians who protected the Jews in the time of their persecutions. It was a curious brass machine which hung from the ceiling and contained a double wicked lamp. He also showed us the psalms of David 500 years old, and all the church relics, banners, manuscripts etc. In an adjoining building we visited a small room once a Jewish University, and registered our names. We took a walk out toward the church of Notre Dame which stands in the midst of the celebrated vineyards which produce the Liebfrauenmilch, and then returned to the hôtel. Shortly after midday we left for Mannheim or rather for Heidelberg by the way of Mannheim, by the railway. The road passes all the way through a flat country cultivated in narrow strips of maize, tobacco etc., evidently with the idea of rotating the crops. After leaving Mannheim, which we did not deem worthy of a visit, we could see the range of hills which border the Neckar far beyond the plain, and in an hour or so we came in sight of Heidelberg with its ruin of red sandstone - a novelty to us for all the others were grey. We took rooms at the Ritter Hof, a hotel built in 1592 and spoken of by Goethe in the "Götz von Berlichingen". Of course our first instinct was to see the ruin so we climbed up the long walk to the chateau and wandered about the ruin until just before sunset then ran up the hill to the Wolken-cur a fine point of view. As we still had some minutes to spare we tried to reach the Königsstuhl - the highest point of all - before the sun set. We ran and walked at full speed for nearly an hour and had the misfortune of seeing the sun set while we were on our way. However we were paid for our hurry, for we found at the top a high tower from which we had a beautiful prospect. On a fine day the cathedral at Strasburg can be seen, and although the day was not very clear we could see a great distance along the valleys of the Rhine and Neckar. Maynard had been left behind in the run so we hurried down to meet him; we found him far below and all started down on a fast walk. It was nearly an hour before we reached the hotel. In the evening we drank beer at the Fauler Pelz a place much frequented by students, in the hope of meeting a classmate of mine, but without success. We saw however several students some with hugh dogs and all with fancy caps. One was very much scarred about the face.

Tuesday Sept. 19:- After breakfast we strolled up to the chateau again and took a ticket to see the interior. Accompanied by a guide and several other travellers we visited in succession the whole interior beginning with Otto Heinrichsbau and concluding with a visit to the famous tun in the cellar. In the interior we were astonished at the splendor of the stone ornamentation which is magnificent in spite of the ruin. The delicately cut tracery on the door posts around the windows and fireplaces was wonderful. The kitchen with its hugh fire place large

enough for a barbecue and the immense gorge of the chimney was very interesting. On the other side of the courtyard we saw a room full of curiosities, old armor and such relics, and sauntered 'round through old passages, climbed towers, visited gun rooms and the chapel to our hearts content. The cellar was the last thing visited and we climbed upon the hugh tun - 36 feet long, 24 feet high,- up to the dance board upon the top, not for the sake of the prospect so much as for the novelty. We were enchanted with the ruins of the castle. Everywhere we found little corners, or doorways, or staircases to paint. The façades of Friedrichsbau and Heinrichsbau are wonderfully ornamented; the former with the statues of the ancestors of the electors, the latter with mythological statues, or statues of mythological personages said to have been cut from designs by Michael Angelo. The figures are cut with masterly skill and artistic taste, and considered as mere ornaments they are wonderful. Considered as works of art they are indeed meritorious. The situation of the chateau is picturesque beyond anything we had seen, and from every point we visited a beautiful prospect lay before us. From the promenade in front, from the towers, from the garden all seemed equally beautiful. The blown-up tower with the immense detached piece and overgrowing ivy is a charming ruin. On the west side of the chateau we saw an ivy some 200 years old, I think, with a stock as thick as a man's thigh. It literally seemed to hold the walls together. After lingering for an hour in the ruin we crossed the river to get a view of the town and then repaired to Fauler Pelz for our lunch. A cutlet and "fixins", bread and butter, with two glasses of Bavarian beer all for the sum of 22 Kreutzers made a meal worth recording. The town itself is rather quaint and interesting, and the University buildings small and old. We were so much taken with the ruin that we could not look about the town much. At noon we took the train - with reluctance, it must be confessed - for Ludwigshaven and there we experienced our first and only tiresome delay, for we waited three hours for a train to take us to Saarbrücken. For the first hour we passed through a flat country cultivated in narrow strips. The women were cutting the tobacco which did not appear first quality leaf. As wherever we had been on the German railways the guards at the crossings always stood at shoulder arms with his signal pole. In the fields they often work a single oxen, and the cattle are always yoked by the horns - an evident improvement over our method. The roads are colossal - no other word is strong enough. Broad, hard and smooth with a neatly paved gutter on either side. After we reached the Hard Mountains the railway wound and twisted along by the side of a small stream demurely flowing between artificial banks, until we reached Kaiserlauten. We passed a number of small manufacturing villages, where they make cloth for the army. We saw long strips of blue on the hillsides. An occasional ruin overhung the road, and we were struck with the perfect carriage way that wound along the river bank bordered by cut stone posts for miles and miles. Kaiserlauten lies in a plain to the right of the railway and is evidently a busy place. We could see nothing remarkable from the cars except a church with three towers. Between Neustadt the first station in the mountains and Saarbrück where we arrived at about 10:30 we

passed through 12 tunnels, the longest about 12,000 metres. Nearly or quite all the cuttings are neatly walled up with smooth cut freestone blocks. Once at Saarbrück - and it seemed as if we would never reach it - we took up a bee line for the "Rheinischer Hof" on the Saint Johann side of the Saar and after a hearty dinner, slept.

Wednesday Sept 20:- We started early to view the battlefield about a league distant and crossed the upper bridge to see the town. We found it very dirty lying along the bank of a dirtier river and didn't linger a great while. We walked out over the little range of hills which surround the town and on the slope to the right of the road we saw the first Prussian grave. From this slope a good view of the battlefield is had. ~~To the south is a flat valley somewhat horse-shoe~~ To the south is a flat valley somewhat horse-shoe shaped, the inner semi-circle being the hills on which we stood, and the outer a range of wooded hills broken once by the little valley where lies Forbach with its chimnies. A little bare knoll to the left of the chausée to Forbach was the scene of the charge and is covered with graves and monuments. The roadway is bordered with hugh poplars except for about 80 rods where they had been cut away so as not to interfere with the movements. In the valley to the right of the road is a cluster of graves perhaps 50 in number, mostly Prussians, but some French - all officers. Around the graveyard was a row of poles supporting garlands and the black crosses, and gave the place the appearance of an indian burial ground rather than a Christian cemetery. Some of the monuments are very rich, but the graves are woefully crowded together. We crossed the valley, clambered with difficulty up the steep side of the little knoll and then followed the boundary line to the estaminet on the road to Forbach. The old boundary line comes nearly up to the schoolboy ideal, for it consists of a row of stone posts - more crooked than a cowpath, by the way - about 4 rods apart, each neatly cut and bearing the letter "F" on one Side, the letter "P" on a second and 1830 on a third. The estaminet "Goldenen Bremm" was well riddled with bullets and here only did we see any traces of severe fighting. Returning to the town by way of the road, we passed the toll house which bore some marks of bullets, and then visited the old parade ground to the left, on the hill where we saw the first grave. Here on the side towards the town, between two of the poplars which enclose the place we found a stone with the following ironical inscription:

"Lulu's Ites debut, 2ten August, 1870. Err. v. H.H.Baumann, vet. v. 1814-1815 ~~1815~~."

Here then was the spot where Louis the Prince Imperial received his "baptism of fire." From the spot there is an extensive prospect, commanding a view of the whole town, its numerous manufacturies, the railway and the heights beyond. The relic hunters had completely barked ~~xxxxx~~ one of these trees and we went so far as to gather a few leaves. Here we found traces of an earthwork. The following inscription found on a stone over a grave on the Spichem heights, will show with what care the French soldiers were buried:-

"Hier ruht in Gott, 1 tapfer Franzose, er starb den Heldentod am 6 ten August, 1870".

At the station where we took the midday train for Trèves, we saw marks of ~~some~~ severe

cannonading, and one solid shot was half buried in an iron column which supports the glass roof. Here we found a number of Uhland officers with a band of music, awaiting the arrival of a returning regiment. Soon the long crowded train arrived decorated with green boughs, and the band played the "Wacht am Rhein" and other national airs, superbly. The soldiers (the 4th) all appeared about the same age, were very enthusiastic, but orderly. The Uhlands were splendid looking men, strong, well built and intelligent, some having 5 or 6 decorations. From Saarbrück to Trèves the railway runs along the Saar in a very picturesque valley. The river is rapid and they tow boats against the current by means of horses. Saarlouis, Mettlach and Saarbourg are the principal cities on the route. Along on the hillsides we saw many curious formations in the sandstone and in one place there was a church perched way up on the brink of an overhanging rock. As far as Conz - the ancient Consitium of the Romans - the valley was very wild and reminded me of the coal regions of Pennsylvania, the resemblance being strengthened by numerous pits of the charcoal burners. From Conz - a small town in the valley at the junction of the Moselle and the Saar - to Trèves the distance is very short, and at about 3 o'clock we came to the station opposite the town, which lies in a valley on the right bank. Crossing the bridge we went straight for the Porta Negra, an old Roman structure. As we approached the grand old pile, we could almost imagine ourselves in Italy. The building is a massive hollow rectangle, constructed of hugh ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ blocks of freestone without cement. Two arched gateways pass underneath it and a third elaborate more modern gate stands adjacent. The lower story is much shattered and full of hacks and bruises evidently made when it was converted into a church in 1035. A part of the original church, only, remains attached to the ruin, though traces of the superstructure are visible in almost every part. We, reluctantly, left the ruin and visited the Roman baths at the other extremity of the city, passing on the way the Basilisque, a hugh restored Roman structure with square abutments and tall arches formerly the seat of Government, now a church. The baths form a quite extensive and very picturesque ruin. We could not enter but from the exterior, gained a good idea of the whole. It was evidently very ornamented in its day, being built of alternate layers of square blocks of stone, and bricks laid with an equal quantity of mortar. These bricks are about 20 inches square and two inches thick. Inside we could see well preserved tanks etc. At the distance of perhaps an eighth of a mile from the baths, in the midst of the vineyards, is an old amphitheatre - for Trèves under Constantine the Great, imitated, as capital of Gaul, the government and the splendor of Rome. The circle is about ~~300 feet across and is well preserved, with the xxxxxx dens for the beasts~~ and 300 feet across and is well preserved, with the dens for the beasts, and encircling ditch. The entrances are in ruins, but the forms of the arches can be ~~xxxx~~ traced from what remains. The structure was evidently plain, having been built of"Belgian pavement", and the arena - where it is said many thousand Francs were torn by order of Constantine - is levelled on the surface of the solid rock.

The cathedral in the town, we found to be a curious mixture of Gothic, Roman and Renaissance architecture. Here they have the robe of Christ (seamless), one of the nails, and a part of the crown of thorns. Over a million of pilgrims swallowed the yarn and journeyed here to see the relics when they were last shown - in 1844. We could not enter the cathedral, but we did go into the little gothic church adjoining it. The exterior is fine, but they were restoring the interior in a disgusting, florid style, and we did not remain long. The city we found very picturesque, with quaint old houses, the whole superstructure projecting at least six feet over the ground floor in some cases, and ancient looking squares, monuments and streets. The people are good catholics, too good. Images of the virgin, the Savior, the saints adorn almost every corner. One house we saw so adorned had a tree in stucco, foliage and all, spreading over the whole front - an evident "old settler" too. The city is full of barracks and we saw the soldiers drilling and going through their daily gymnastic exercises. Also saw a detail beating the coats of a whole company - a strange sight 'twould be with us. The drill was admirable, perfect, and the soldiers, as indeed all we saw in Germany, intelligent, often well educated, manly and in perfect discipline. One thing especially noticeable was the respect always paid to superiors in rank. The women at Treves carry bundles and loads on their backs in chair-shaped baskets strapped on like knapsacks, and wash clothes in the street in hugh stone tanks built for the purpose on the roadside. We shook the dust of Treves off our feet with pleasure, for although we saw there perhaps the most interesting ruins and some of the most striking architecture, we were disgusted with the evident bigoted catholicism of the inhabitants, and had been woefully cheated where it touched us the deepest - on our dinner.

Thursday Sept 21.:- Arriving at Luxembourg the previous evening in the dark, we took rooms at a decidedly third class hotel - the fist that we saw. On looking out of the window we knew we were in Belgium, for it was raining hard. After breakfast our host kindly piloted us out to see the fortifications which are now, in accordance with the agreements of some treaty, being demolished. We found the city proper occupying a jutting plateau of rock, forming the inner side of a narrow horseshoe shaped valley some 2oo feet below. The precipices are coverd with an intricate network of fortifications on each side of the valley. Walls a hundred feet high, casemates in the solid rock, ancient towers and modern defenses are to be seen on all sides. Some of the works date from the 5th century and have been constantly added to. The valley - communicating with the city by zigzag roads and flights of steps - is crossed in several places by high viaducts and strong fortifications command all entrances to the town. The most of the forts are now dismantled and laborers are at work demolishing the walls. Beside the picturesque situation of the town and the Gibraltar character of the works, it possesses no other attraction so we took the first train for Arlon. At Luxembourg we returned to out familar money. Francs and centimes now took the place of the thalers, groschen and pfennigs of the lower Rhine + Saarbrück, and of the puzzling florins + kreutzers of Bingen, Worms

Wednesday Sept 13 :- After a breakfast of fine rolls and coffee we met, "we four" and made a sketch of the ruin before beginning our days tramp. The walk to the river was rather hot, but we were well paid for it by a stroll up along the banks in the shade to the ferry opposite Königswinter. The ferry was run by the current as almost all the Rhine ferries are, with an anchor for up stream, and a row of small boats to support the cable. At Königswinter we sauntered up along the river, admiring the scenery veiled in a delicate haze which hid all detail, softened hard outlines and made the distance full of mistery, until we were almost under the huge bluff of Drachenfels. We mounted through a vineyard and after a hard climb of half an hour through vines, bushes and brambles reached the road which we would have taken at first if we had been wise at all. Another climb of perhaps fifteen minutes brought us to the estaminet near the summit and after a rest and a look at the fine prospect, we started again and soon reached the top, and came out on the platform of rock which formed the foundation of the chateau. The view was grand embacing the river as far as Cologne to the right, and to the left the winding river soon lost to sight in the vine covered hills. We met travelling German students at the top with their packs and canes. We climbed into the tower to see the interior and then descended to Roendorf , which little wine village we reached in about twenty minutes. After a dinner at the inn, where we found everyone, children and all drinking wine, we crossed the river in a small boat rowed, poled and sailed in the rapid current by an old boatman. There were two things we wondered at in this trip, the clumsy oars and clumsier boat, and the exhorbitant charge - five silbergroschen apiece. We walked along the bank on the smooth roadway to Rolandseck and then clambered up to the ruin through vineyards and shady woods. This ascent was more interesting from the fact that a young lady and her very fat mother were just ahead of us on donkeys, affording us much amusement. The ruin at the top consists of a single arch, so we did not delay but returned and sat sometime in the steamboat station sketching the Drachenfels, the island of Nonnenswerth and the Rolandseck. By the boat we went to Remagen, where we arrived in half an hour and hurried up the hill to see the famous church of St. Appolinarius. The way up the hill is bordered by little shrines, which were surmounted by carved wooden bas reliefs of the life of Jesus. A curious stone, a relic of the time of Trajan was set in the solid rock about half way up the hill. We found the church to be a beautiful structure surrounded by vineyards, and a "Mount Calvary" in slag and plaster, well worthy a visit for the exterior alone. The interior was a perfect gem of artistic merit. The walls are covered by beautiful frescoes by Deiger and Miller illustrating bible subjects. They were to me the finest frescoes I had seen. Nearly nine o'clock it was before we were aboard the train for Andernach and we reached the station in 30 minutes. The town is some distance off so we followed the crowd and in a few minutes came upon the walls. The street lead through a small arch and was hardly a rod wide, and under the dim light of the occasional lamps, was picturesque enough. We repaired at once to the

didn't believe the yarn about the slaughter of the maidens, and secondly because we hadn't any morbid curiosity to see these relics for the sake of saying we had seen this and that. The church which is said to have th skull of John the Baptist when a child, and another after he was grown up, would be much more worthy of a visit. We did visit the museum where we found a fine collection of armor etc., early paintings of the school of Cologne, and a large gallery of modern works of art. Among all - and there were many fine paintings - we were most taken by "The funeral dinner" by Benjamin Vautier, and we spent an hour before it. Many were too strongly Dusseldorf to suit us, who are accustomed to less modest color. At the hôtel we had a fine dinner with Rhine wine, and then took the cars for Godesberg. At Cologne, by the way, we noticed many peculiarities among the customs and appearance of the inhabitants , different entirely from the characteristics of the Flemings. All the women are less gross, more intellectual. They carry huge bundles on their heads, and no one wears wooden shoes. The railway encirkles the city and skirts the old fortifications with the picturesque towers and turreted walls for a long distance, then off across the plain, through broad fields of grain and grass towards Bonn. Just across the river we could see low hills skirting the banks and up stream, blue in the distance, rose the summits of the Siebengebirge, bearing a strong resemblance to our green mountains in America. Bonn we passed and stopped at the station at Godesberg some 4 or 5 miles beyond. Here we saw the first ruin, a picturesque old chateau with a tall tower towering up on the summit of a cone about 400 feet high. Across the river the Siebengebirge, crowned with chateau and ruins, were in plain sight. Nearest the river was the "Castled Crag of Drachenfels" sharply cut against the clear sky. We ran up to the hill almost immediately after our arrival and climbed up the winding path to the ruins. The way was lined with images of the dead Christ, sepulchres and crosses. Arrived at the top we found the little chapel the most picturesque, so spent the afternoon in sketching it. At twilight we must stop, so we gazed awhile down upon the Rhine and the valley below. To the right the Siebengebirge and other hills stretched away into the distance, to the left the immense plain with Cologne shining in the very horizon. The stillness only broken by the musical evening bells, the shimmer of the setting sun, the rising river mist joined with the feeling that we were in the midst of those historic, much sung scenes, made it poetical beyond description. There is a charm in the natural scenery, but the ruins lend the poetry to the landscape. The whole valley seems to be a garden and the ruins are ever-present reminders of the blessings of peace. What a crowd of memories, of the tales of tilts and tournaments, brave knights and fair ladies, came up as we stood there! We could scarcely tear ourselves away, but at last with the fast approaching darkness we descended, supped in the open air under a little bower and sought a place to stay. After a hunt Champney and I found quarters in a "maison particulière", and the other two in an estaminet opposite. We strolled down toward the Rhine in the evening, and then retired.

Monday September 11th 1871. In company with Champney Grundmann & Maynard I left Antwerp in the 7:22 for Aix-la-Chapelle, where we arrived after an uninteresting ride through a perfectly flat country, at about noon. Dined at the Konig von Spanien - and well too- and afterwards visited the cathedral, a curious combination of ancient and modern architecture. The part built under the direction of Charlemagne was the most interesting, and was beautiful in color. In the interior we were much interested as well, though it was undergoing extensive repairs. The hôtel de ville, with the statue of Charlemagne in the square opposite, is a very curious structure with two towers. In the hall where the 37 German Emperors were crowned we were much pleased with the frescoes by Rethel & Kehren. They were all historical subjects and we found the four by Rethel.& much the superior. The hall is long, low and vaulted, and at one end enters the little staircase by which the kings and emperors came into the hall at their coronation. We visited a private collection of painting in Adelbert street, where we saw a fine gallery of Rembrandts, Reubens, Murillos and a number of portraits by Knaus which were most beautifully executed. In Aix-la-Chapelle we met the first helmeted soldiers, many of whom were decorated with as many as 5 or 6 medals. Occasionally we would meet bands of peasants, lads and lasses, all marching along singing - arm in arm. The boys, for they were often quite young, were conscripts and their sweethearts were bidding them adieu in this affecting (?) manner. Pictures of King William are in every shop window. We took the 7:35 for Cologne and arrived at 10. Took a suite of rooms, au premier, at the "Dom Hôt".

Tuesday September 12th:- The façade of the cathedral which we rose early to see, is beyond anything in the way of architecture I ever saw. The whole building is wonderful. It is grand in mass, pure in architecture, perfect in detail. They are at work on the two spires which will be completed in a year or two. The interior, which we visited immediately after breakfast, was wonderful. The high columns supporting Gothic arches, the harmony in spite of minute detail, the beautiful proportions, and all this with the effect of sunlight as it streamed through the stained glass, is beyond my power to describe, and I can never forget the picture. We could only stand and repeat mechanically "Comme ça est magnifique!" It was so sublime, so solemn that we could scarcely refrain from falling down and worshipping with the rest. We sat and dreamed, but our dream was soon broken, for the Suisse approached and said we must not sit in an ungentlemanly position i.e. with legs crossed or arms on the back of the seat. Inwardly cursing him, his staff of office, his long red robe and all, we sauntered out and crossed the Rhine on the iron bridge to Dentz, and after a squint at the statue of King William and the city opposite, we returned by way of the bridge of boats to the town again. I could begin to conceive why the Rhine was almost worshipped, when I saw its resistless, majestic flow and brought to mind the changes it has witnessed, the stories it could tell. We ran around to see the church of 11000 virgins whose bones are built into the structure. We didn't go in to see the bones, first because we [illegible]

and Heidelberg. The language - at this city is mostly German although French is spoken somewhat. We rode in the third to Arlon being obliged to give up one proposed trip to Sedan on account of the rain, and there made a special arrangement with the guard to ride to Namur, and took a second class seat. The road from Arlon to Namur is through a beautiful rolling farming country and part of the way wild and well timbered. We saw Namur only from the station on account of the rain and then by anonther arrangement went on to Brussels. Namur is picturesquely situated in a plain, nestling round the foot of a jutting, fortified crag which terminates the range of hills along the Meuse. From Namur to Brussels the country is wooded more, and is agreeably varied in scenery. In the cars from Arlon to Namur we had for fellow-passengers a number of Walloons who spoke the dialect said to be the ancient French. At all events it was too ancient for us to understand. At 4 o'clock we were in Brussels after a hard days ride, and took the first train for Antwerp.